

A PINDARIQUE ODE.
ON THE
MURDER
OF
King Charles the First,
January the 30th 1648.

I.

MY Muse, joyn mournful Voice to mournful Strings,
And play as mournfully as now you sing
The last sad Tragick Scene of our great martyr'd *KING*.
All dark and gloomy was th' unhappy Day,
and the unwilling Sun
Refus'd his daily Race to run,
Nor the least Beam of Brightness would display;
Black as the Tyrants Heart that did the Nation sway.
We fear'd (and very justly too)
That Heaven would pour all its Vials down,
And send worse Plagues than ever *Aegypt* knew,
the wretched Island to undoe.
the wretched Isle deserv'd to be
dig'd up, and cast into the Sea
For the dire Sin of its own Progeny.

II.

We've heard of the Calamities God sent down
Upon *Jerusalem*, his own lov'd Town,
What Plagues, what Ruines, did ensue,
What Blood, what Desolations, did pursue
When they had crucifi'd the Eternal King;
Though that was richer Gore,
Yet was the Guilt almost the same,
Never any Sin
Since that, of deeper Dye has been,
Nor ever was before.
When the Eternal Son of God did dye,
The Temple's Veil was rent,
And fearful Signs and Wonders fill'd the Firmament;
So when the horrid Blow was given,
It frighted Earth, and startl'd Heav'n.
In vain *Astrologers* their skill did try:
all must in *Chaos* lye,
When Rebels rule, and God-like Kings must dye.

III.

Ah, curst effects of *Civil Wars*!
 And lawless Lust, and impious Rage
 Of a rebellious, Factious Age.
 Thus did the Hands and Feet rebell,
 And 'gainst their Sovereign Head to Civil Discords fell,
 Reason depos'd and gone,
 Lust strait usurp'd the injur'd Throne,
 and swore 'twould reign and rule alone:
 And what but Ruine could be e're the Fate
 Of such a rude, ungovern'd, head-strong State?
 Let, gracious Heaven, never more this Land
 Fall under the dire Vengeance of thy Hand;
 No more let *Albion* be the sport and shout
 Of all her Neighbours round about.
 Ah! wretched *Albion*, then they cry'd;
 Ah! wretched *Albion*, then the Gods and Men reply'd.

IV.

If it be true
 That from the Martyrs Blood the Churches Greatness grew,
 That for one slain
 Out of his Dust many should rise again;
 We see the mighty Sentence prov'd divine,
 What God-like Heroes sprang from *Charles* his Line,
 What God-like *Phœnixes* did re-aspire
 From out their Royal Father's Funeral Pyre?
 Just like the Sun after a storm,
 Such was the happy Entry of our *KING*,
 His Royal bounty smil'd on every thing:
 (Out doing Heaven) Pardons he gave
 to every base rebellious Slave;
 Forgave his Father's Death and his own Sufferings.
 Kind Heaven has *Albion* happy made
 under the God-like *Charles* his shade,
 His Noon-tide Glories all shall rise,
 and mount before him to the *Skies*,
 Too high for any *Polish*, *Traiterous Policies*:
 And Men shall envy us, and call
 The great *Defender of our Faith*, Defender of us all.

FINIS.